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Prime suspect



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Chapter 1 by Selena Raynee

A room.

A dead body.

Blood on Sam's hands.

You feel a surge of adrenaline: someone is screaming for police downstairs. You must act, and act quickly.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



A box.

A floral-print dress.

A quizzical look on Sam's face.

You feel a sense of hope, and jerk the dress onto your naked body. Sam helps you fit the cardboard box over your head and you stumble forward in your high heels.

The voice is still screaming downstairs, and you take Sam's hand firmly. The blood is still warm and wet. You squeeze tightly and head for the door to the hotel room.

Around you, the bodies of all five are twisted in various states of death.

The walls are painted red and the floor is still smoking. Spent cartridges are scattered in the middle of the room.

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You push through the door and take a deep breath.

Chapter 3 by Charlotte Sharlon



You hear nothing but slightly breath, everything is slowing down right away.

Finally, the scream downstairs fade out leave the sound of breath along with your pulse throbbing.

A pool of sticky blood

A thread of creepy sound

An extremely atmosphere , you being surrounded all the time.You just don't know yet.

Sam is dying now, you have to do something before the death take him away. You lie him down to the floor and look about. Someone's here you can sense it! over three guys with arms walk through the wooden staircase,step to step. They're close to you and Sam but you only have a rifle on your hand and an injured friend who even can't escape right now. What would you gonna do ?

You soot the bird outside the window and cast your rifle to the meadow.They heard the gun shot ran to the upstairs but they didn't found a thing. Where are you.... that's what I wondering as they are now.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



A cafe table.

A steaming mug of "joe".

Your reassuring eyes.

I tell you this story now, hoping you will be able to procure the papers necessary to get me across the border. And tonight. I'm no murderer. I'm no thief. It is the baby growing in my belly that they want. This child is a miracle. And if those businessmen had their way, they would have forcibly taken it from my belly to clone and to sell for their own wicked purposes. Had Sam not

given it life to save me, had that pigeon not been just outside the window and one last shell breached in the barrel of my rifle.

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"Midnight. The abandoned railway station. You know where it is?"

I nod.

"Come. And bring all the money."

He stands, and leaves.

Chapter 5 by -



A whistle blows.

The train halts.

You are sick.

I am holding my stomach, rubbing my hands over it. I am dizzy, queasy. I am leaning forward. My eyes are squeezed tight. The pain, oh! The pain is excruciating. I can think of nothing but my misery, my baby.

"Yes, my baby is safe... That is all that matters..." I comfort myself by repeating these words over and over, quietly. There may be others sent for it. There may be spies staring at me this very second... How would I know?

I am scared. I can't trust anyone. I was supposed to have met the man at the abandoned railway station with money... But I didn't. I ran away from there. I used some of the money to carry my baby and me far from this wretched murder scene. Far from those hideous businessmen...

I need help... I am sick... No one can be trusted though...

I passed out.

Chapter 6 by -



A strange place.

Loud voices talking

A baby crying

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My eyes blink open seven

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oom. I notice the sheet is bloody. I jerk straight up and realize my stomach is flat, thin. I try to jump up, but intense pain

surges from my entire body. I cannot stand. I hear men speaking with hushed tones behind a curtain, I assume another room like this one.

"Help! Give me my baby!" I am panicking. Where is my baby? Did the men find me? Am I being held captive? Have they already...?

A woman in a gray tunic rushes into the room. "Please lay down," she kneels down beside me and wipes my forehead off, "rest, you have been through much." She had a kind voice, so reassuring. Somehow, I felt I could trust her. My body was exhausted. I fell into another deep sleep.

Chapter 7 by Tianna Davis



I awake from 2 hours but when I awoke I new there was something off that lady was gone I felt the pain of something was wrong she didn't just leave me without a sign I thought to myself. Then I hear her scream so loud I was about to lose focus on what was happening after 3 seconds after it is dead quiet. I have to find away out of here wherever I am at maybe if i could climb out of this window it would lead me to freedom I said to myself. It is so high though and there is nothing for me to climb on or step on. OUCH I cut myself on the medal bar i'm gushing out blood from my shoulder I jump down but no landing falling to my knees I ripped of a piece of my dress and tied it around my wound. I heard a baby crying...

Write a draft for the last chapter (1 draft)

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